

## Hiccup's Sacrifice

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Summary: Movie verse. Follow Stoic and Astrid's days after the battle. Just a short little fic. No parings; implied AstridxHiccup. one-shot.

## Hiccup's Sacrifice

\*\*A/N: My first HTTYD fic. Movie verse. Hope you like please R&R  
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\*\*no beta I own my mistakes, but I don't own HTTYD\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>Stoic held his only son in his arm. Hiccup was missing his foot and was unconscious. Astrid and the others were now by his side. These kids-teenagers have saved the Vikings, at Hiccup's command. Now Hiccup was paying for it.<p>

The village healer came along and was looking over Hiccup. He was sighing and muttering to himself. He called for some cold water, Hiccup was running a high fever. With their limited supplies he cleaned and wrapped the stump attached to Hiccup's leg.

Toothless kept nuzzling against Hiccup and was trying to wake him up, with no luck. Stoic was pacing back and forth he was restless, he could not believe his son was in a situation like this. Astrid held Hiccup's head in her lap as he rewet the cloth across his brow, he was so warm.

The journey back was a solemn one. Hardly any words were spoken, save the request for more supplies. Even Ruffnut and Tuffnut were keeping out of trouble. Fishlegs must have folded and refolded the same towel 100 times before he realized it was the same one. Snotlout just sat staring at Hiccup and Astrid.

Gobber had promised Stoic he was going to make the best prosthetic

leg for Hiccup when he got back (Thor knows he know how to make them well).

When they got back to Berk a small band of Vikings brought Hiccup to his home. Astrid stayed the night while the other teens went to their home. Astrid stayed down at the kitchen table while Stoic and Toothless look vigil in Hiccup's upstairs room.

\* \* \*

><p>The next morning Astrid cooked Stoic a breakfast a bacon and eggs, it was not much but she knew he did not eat the previous night.<p>

She brought him up the food to the cramped room. She looked at Hiccup, he was not getting any better. The bleeding had slowed down, but his fever was still so high.

Astrid went down stairs and shooed away some gawkers and told others that there was no change. Sometime after lunch Fishlegs joined her for a little bit, even Snotlout and the twins showed up. By dinner time the other teens were gone. There was a knock at the door. She sighed as she opened it. She went to mutter the same words she had been saying all day. This time she was met by her mother. Astrid shook her head, she did not want to go home. In the end she went up stairs and told Stoic she would be back in the morning. He said nothing. Astrid slowly walked home with her mother.

\* \* \*

><p>Stoic sat there with his son. Hiccup in pain and lying in bed with the dragon curled up by his feet. How could he let this happen? Hiccup was his only son.<p>

There was a knock at the door. He could not hear Astrid there door, she must have gone home. He made his way down the stairs Gobber was standing in his kitchen. In his hand was a prosthetic leg for Hiccup. Stoic gave is gave his friend a weak smile. Gobber made the best prosthetic limbs in all of Berk, he even made two for himself. Never would Stoic have thought that Gobber would be making one for his son.

Together the large Vikings went to the young Viking's room to attach the new limb. Stoic drew back the covers from his son's body. It was still hard looking at the missing limb, the memories of that day came flooding back to his mind. Gobber attached the limb. Now he can walk at least Stoic though bitterly.

Stoic smiled as he saw his son. He was awake.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN: Lame? not? I dunno just was an idea I had in my mind.  
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\*\*Thanks for reading\*\*

\*\*~colonelduckie \*\*

End  
file.